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# O Say Not Woman's Love is Bought

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THE

## Shells of the Ocean.



Ryle & Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth  
Court, Bloomsbury.



ONE summer eve, with pensive thought,  
I wander'd on the sea-beat shore,  
Where oft in heedless infant sport,  
I gather'd shells in days before ;  
The plashing waves like music fell,  
Responsive to my fancy wild,  
A dream came o'er me like a spell,  
I thought I was again a child.

I stoop'd upon the pebbly strand,  
To cull the toys that round me lay,  
But as I took them in my hand,  
I threw them one by one away ;  
Oh ! thus I said in ev'ry stage,  
By toys our fancy is beguil'd,  
We gather shells from youth to age,  
And then we leave them like a child.

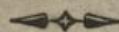


## O say not Woman's love is Bought

O say not woman's love is bought  
With vain and empty treasure ;  
O say not woman's heart is caught  
By every idle pleasure.  
When first her gentle bosom knows  
Love's flame, it wanders never ;  
Deep in her heart the passion glows ;  
She loves, and loves for ever.

O say not woman's false as fair ;  
That like the bee she ranges,  
Still was seen as more sweet and rare,  
As fickle fancy changes.  
Ah no ; the love that first can warm  
Will leave her bosom never ;  
No second passion e'er can charm ;  
She loves, and loves for ever

## TAKE A BUMPER AND TRY.



THE woman all tell me I am false to my lass,  
Deserted poor Chloe and stuck to my glass ;  
But though I have left her the truth I declare,  
I believe she was good and I know she was fair.  
My Chloe has dimples and smiles I must own,  
But tho' she can smile in truth she can frown ;  
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,  
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine,

Wine, mighty wine,  
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy  
If you doubt what I say take a bumper and try.

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,  
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd betimes ;  
But wine from its age such rich benefit flows,  
We like it the better the older it grows.  
Yet murders and battles and history prove  
The dangers that wait on rivals in love :  
But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,  
For the more we love liquor the more we are friends.  
Wine, mighty wine,  
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy,  
If you doubt what I say take a bumper and try.